PITY THE POOR FARMER

RUN ALONG, WILLIE, AND GIVE THAT BUTTERMILK TO THE HOGS
HENRY, PACK THOSE ROTTEN APPLES IN A GOOD, STRONG BARREL AN' WE'LL TAKE 'EM T' TOWN. CARRY THOSE RED APPLES T' TH' CELLAR AN' WHEN THAT CITY FELLER COMES ALONG FOR TH' POTATOES GIVE YM TH' MUSHY ONES I'M GOING T' TOWN T'DAY T' LOOK AT A NEW MAKE OF AN AUTOMOBILE AND YOU BE SURE T' HAVE TH' SILVER PLATED HARNESS CLEANED BY TH' TIME I GET BACK.

The farmer of this country does not enjoy the good things that are at his hand. He sends his best products to the city and is content to keep the inferior ones for which he could not so easily find a ready market, and for which he would be compelled to take a lower price.—From a government report.

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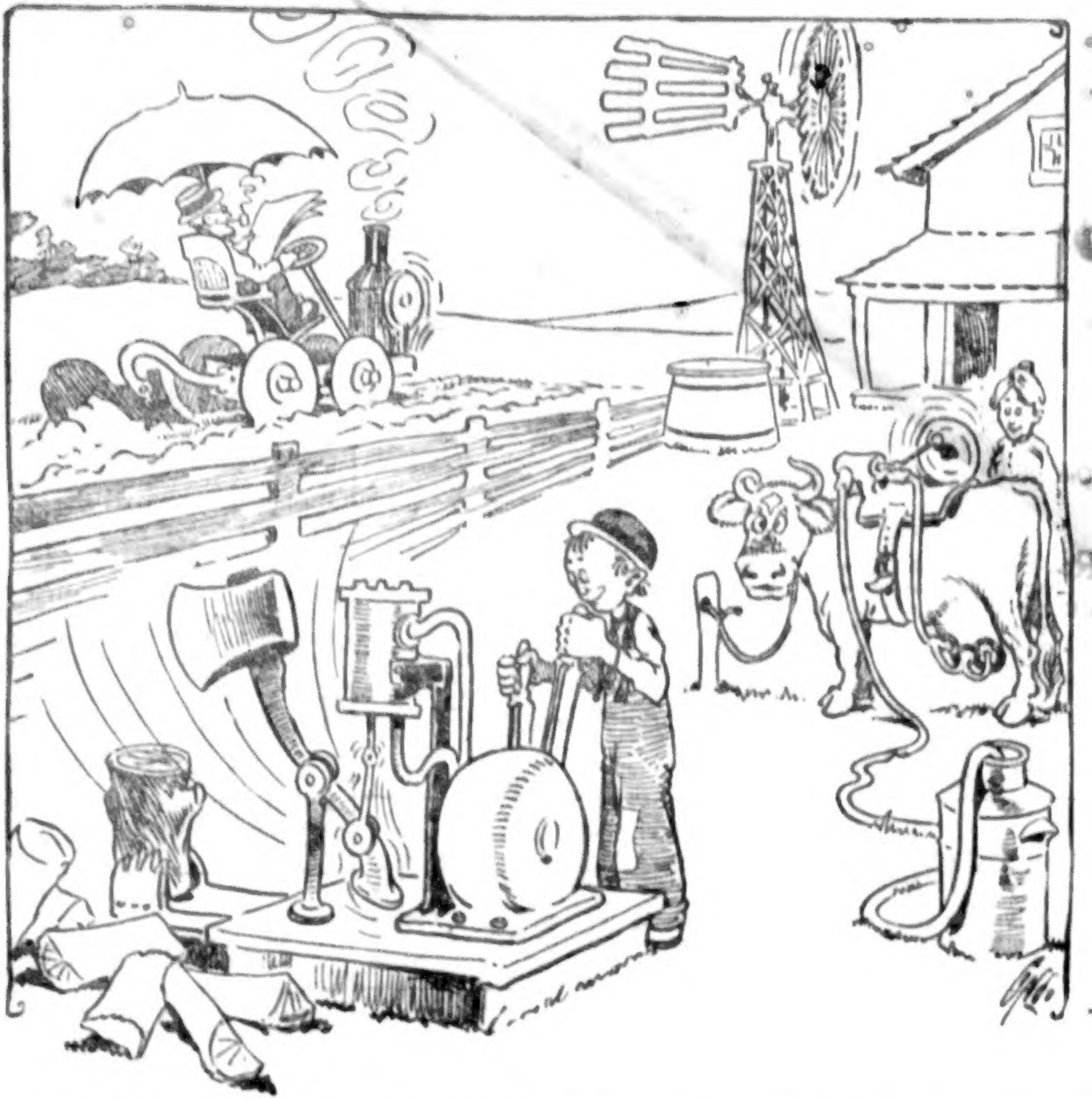

The American farmer is the hardest worked man in the world. He must toil from early morning until late at night to make a profit from his farm. Not only must he toil, but so must all the members of his family. He has some modern machinery, but there is no easy way of farming.—Report of some expert who has studied farming in an office chair.

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The farmer has few sports. Farm work is so arduous that the young men have no desire to engage in any of the athletic games or the pleasures in which the young men of the city engage, and the older men are so worn out by their years of labor that they cannot indulge in any sport calling for exercise of the muscles.—Extract from a report written by a government investigator who rushed through the country in an automobile.

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